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(Die Schuldhalt des Dritten Und Vornehmsten Gebotes )

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sisting editorial supervision of Conrad von Metzke. Address, P.O. Box  
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In this issue the following exciting things will happen:

1. The California Civil war will be terminated.
2. The poetry contest will wrap up.
3. Chico Pate will return.
4. Another poetry contest will start, in a sense.
5. In the game, damn near nothing will happen.
6. Eric Just will submit a novel.
7. Standby players will be appointed.
8. Conrad will publish his new limerick.
9. John Beckman will be insulted again.
10. A list of contents will appear for the first time in the seven-  
year history of Grondel Press. However, due to inefficient preparation  
of said list, it will be virtually useless.

First, Conrad proudly unveils his new limerick:

There once was a man from Bhutan  
who turned himself into a crouton.  
This wasn't too neat  
'Cause he thus had no feet  
And could never again get his boot on.

Then, we proceed to the poetry contest results. The runoff ballot  
was mildly disappointing in that only seven people voted. Said votes,  
however, made winners of the following:

- Category C - Winner, Bill Linden, 'A Postal Diplomacy Hero....'
- Category D - Winner, Carol Ann Buchanan, 'Said JB to his friend....'
- Category A - Winner, Eric Just, 'If come day....'
- Category H - Winner, Rod Walker, 'The Sun on the couch....'
- Category I - Winner, John McCallum, 'San Diego / New York....'
- Category J - Winner, Rod Walker, 'When Franz Josef Haydn....'

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and the winner of the 1961 contest was "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 1 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 2 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 3 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 4 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 5 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 6 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 7 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 8 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 9 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 10 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 11 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 12 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 13 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 14 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

Category 15 - "The 1961 Air Force" by Robert Walker.

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rather a special sub-category. This supposedly dealt with Poems About William of Orange. I gather that the misinformation on this matter came from a note I made in Issue #4, in which the original rules of the poetry contest were being delineated and I stuck in an editorial note that, if the poem was to rhyme, nobody would be writing anything about William of Orange. This is because there is no word in the English language that exactly rhymes with 'orange.'

So for Issue #5 two people took up the challenge and wrote poems about William of Orange. After that other people jumped on the bandwagon, and before I knew it poems on William Of Orange were leaping from the printers.

To legitimize it, I hereby open for general participation the William of Orange Clerihew Contest (for a definition of a clerihew see Issue #1, deadline for the next issue, April 8, 1978. All respondents may enter. The following are the entries thus far:

When William the Oranger  
found the 'Rhyme to Lorringer'  
It was instantly banned  
In every county of the land. (Bill Linden)

William Van Nassau  
Never visited Nassau.  
He wished that he could give a knock  
To every Bloody Wittelsbach. (Bill Linden)

## AULOUS

Ambitious Prince Billy Orange  
Didn't act willy, or hinge  
His vast desires on luck;  
But to England he straightaway struck. (Dan Barrows)

Van Oranj is Willem,  
He vows to kill 'em  
As battle they join  
At the side of the Boyne. (John McCallum)

William, the Orange Prince  
Did not stop at hints,  
As the MacDonalds found  
When they went to ground. (Bill Linden)

That's it so far. As you see, the misinterpretation carried so far that people concentrated wholly on the William of Orange part and quite forgot that the whole original point was to rhyme the word orange.





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PARIS (13 Jan. 1904): The Government Information Office announced today that the newly-constructed Third Fleet would sail from Brest, Lorient, and other bases in the Cherbourg for trials in the Mid-Atlantic Ocean. In the meantime the Foreign Office announced that they were keeping a careful watch on developments in Eastern Europe. In the meantime the Senate today approved extension of the Franco-German Alliance and approved a new consulate pact with Peerijavo.

URTH, Peerijavo: The Director-General of the Parliamentary Subcommittee on Running the Government, which runs the government, today revealed the new treaty with France. It establishes thirteen Peerijavian consulate offices in France, all located in Cannes and/or Nice, and in return locates a new French consulate with responsibility for Peerijavo in Kingburg, Saranah. The Peerijavian consulates are under the management of a governmental agency known as Total Information Non-restriction. Also the new consulates in France are referred to as T.I.N., Cannes.

MAKAKU (23 Jan. 1904): His Holiness, Pope Gliscandus the High-Strung, today marched into this small Illinois village at the head of his armies, the armies of the Most Orthodox Theocracy of Benevento. Earlier this week His Holiness had made a surprise landing in Chicago, and after routing the civic militia, set about conquering the entire state of Illinois. Bypassing Menahce, Pope Gliscandus bypassed such points of civic pride and interest as the power works, the money order outlets, the Bank of Kankakee, and Lockport's, and descended immediately on a small store on the other side of the bridge over the Kankakee River. A huge neon sign proclaimed the place to be "Dirty Harry's Smut Emporium," and in the window was the warning, "No Minors Allowed, No If You're a Minor, Don't Come In Because Everything Here is Fascinatingly Filthy and Dirty!" His Holiness opened the door and was about to step in when he was overrun by a herd of galloping cats who proceeded, while still piled on top of the Pope, to put on a demonstration which would have caused Madame Flossie of Neu-Comorrah, Copenhagen, to blush. Finally His Holiness, feeling a great urge to wash, fled the premises.

MICRAELITE (3 Apr. 1904): Thousands of cohorts, gleaming in purple and gold, naturally, descended upon the capital of California today. Easily routing the pathetic defenses, forces of the Ineluctable Kingdom of Sicily or the Latter-Day Saints seized the city and the person of Dame Princetonia Garrigus. Ineluctable King Giuseppe Smittini, cying the poor wretch, had her transported to the zoo and thrown into the same cage with 87 sex-starved baboons. Tune in later for the startling (we hope) conclusion to this latest turn of events. Perhaps we should say climax....

VALUL (17 Apr. 1904): State highway 94 (which may be paved any year now) was the scene of an exciting chase today. The inhabitants of Dull Zura were shocked out of their wits when hundreds of war chariots of the Neo-Roman Empire pulled into town. No sooner had the lascivious Romans seized the only good-looking females in town - five heifers, a mare, and a ewe - than an incredibly aged voice could be heard wailing above a mechanical roar: "Stop! Stop, law-breakers!" Sure enough, it was Boleslav Codger, astride his motorized wheel chair, roaring down the road to give the Neo-Romans more traffic tickets (entertainer Marcus Licinius Crassus has received no fewer than 597 tickets from Codger thus far). Quickly the Neo-Romans

ure:

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PLACERVILLE, California: Proceeding through this town east of Sacramento on their way from ascending Larksville and Bear Valley, Jamil's Army of the North encountered Sacramentoite pickets who advised that a marauding band of Italian-speaking religious fanatics had captured Dame Princetonia Garrigue and were laying waste to Sacramento. With a unison exclamation from the entire Jamilian force, breathed as one, of "why, those dastardly persons unknown are attempting to remove the Dame from our grasps, and are damaging her capital ere we surround and besiege it!", the Jamilians upon unholstered into the city itself, dashed unerringly to the zoo, and released Dame Princetonia. She was a bit tired, to be sure, but a large number of primate mammals hovering near her exhibited a marked degree of uncontrollable passion, which, however, appeared impossible of surfeit in the confines then attendant. Thus the mammals, faster than a speeding ticket - or, bullet - dashed from the cage and ripped every single Sicilian in the city to ribbons. Meanwhile, Princetonia, obviously grateful to whoever her rescuers might be, engaged in the first attempts at fraternization between Sacramentoans and Jamilians ever recorded. These contacts took many hours and were on a one-to-one basis all the way, pardon the shotgun puns, but it seems that a new era is dawning in California.

VIENNA, Jan. 12, 1904: "Not sunk yet" was the brave toast given by the Emperor Attilio to begin the celebration dinner aboard the new flagship of the Austrian Navy, the river gunboat Lark Twain. "Now you all know," continued the Emperor, "our Mediterranean Fleet was not sunk in open battle. Deprived of an operating base by the Italian occupation of Trieste, it was scuttled in Scutari harbor on my orders to prevent its falling into Turkish hands. Though woppish wiles have delivered the Balkans over to the Turk, you can be sure we will stand fast upon the Danube to protect what is worthy of European civilization."

The dinner ended with the playing of the new Austrian Naval March, Bloody Blue Danube. Your 'International Enquirer' reporter was granted an interview with the Emperor upon presentation of the necessary credentials (tip, German marks or Italian lire no longer acceptable). My first question was, "Why have you dropped the designation 'United Peoples', and now refer to 'Austria' and the 'Austrian Fleet'?" "Because pretense don't plant no 'taters, boy," the Emperor replied. "Come fall, I'll be lucky if it is still Austria. You people wouldn't be looking for a good rewrite man in Zurich, would you?" I told him yes, and if he knew of anyone whose English wasn't burdened with a regional accent, please send him along. "What is worthy of European civilization?" was my second question. I thought the Emperor's simultaneous reply of "My ass, you sod!" and hurling me head first over the stern railing of the Lark Twain quite unworthy of a scion of Stuart-Bonaparte.

TRIESTE, May 1, 1904: Defying the ranks of Italian militia (ranks is an apt description) and forcing them back towards the harbor until they were sheltered under the guns of the Italian warships, the people of Trieste liberated this city, and most of the hinterland. Bearing signs proclaiming "Neither Hun nor Wop," the followers of the partisan leader, self-styled 'Marshal' Frito, cheered wildly as the Marshal, speaking from







international incident, and the five people of California don't need no frogs, vipers, crooks and sleazebags telling them their business." All foreign treaties were dissolved.

PASO ROBLES: Mayor Samuel Yorty, formerly of Los Angeles, has asked and been granted asylum. The families are not expected to request, or allow, his return.

JAMUL: Semi-elected Governor of Jural Bolaslav Coderger today signed the treaty of agreement with Governor Rayguns of California, in which the terms of the Sacramento cessation of hostilities were accepted. All prisoners of war have been exchanged, and all foreign elements (except Keretia, who has been homebrekking in Valley Center) have been thrown out. Sacramento retains the enclave of Campo, but the other boundaries are as declared by Rayguns. Jamulan Lt-Gov. Latzelboba, however, corrected one small, serious error in the Sacramento press of late. Mayor Yorty, says Latzelboba, has not taken asylum in Paso Robles, but rather in neighboring Vascoadero.

The only question remaining unsolved is this: Is it true what we hear about holding bells for Laura Princetonia Garrigus and Governor Coderger provided, that is, that Miss Garrigus settles her ticket....

BOBBER: FOR SIGHT: FOR YOUR EYES ONLY: From General Staff Command to Northern Front Commander. The political situation with the German mobile grows tenser every hour. To date no response has been received from the urgent attempt of Ambassador Voroshilov to convey our concerns. You are to be 100% alert and strengthen defensive positions. As recommended, the occupation of Lormark to create a more defensive line. NO attack into Germany proper is to be made without clearance on the highest level.

GRAND DUKE: Grand Duke Mopogora celebrated the fall of Budapest with an impressive 16-hour orgy, impressively aided by 16 hours, a gift of the Sultan. ((The celebration was patterned directly after the Victory Party for Tom Leroy in 1948.)) The Grand Duke also announced his recognition of, and support for, the Independent Duchy of Vienna, felt to be a likely target of Italian subversion.

ANTHROPOLOGY: Professor Anatoly Smythe-Jones unveiled his masterwork, "Morphology and Politics: A Study of the Influence of Body Type on Power." After years of exhaustive research the book makes clear that a slim, moderately tall frame makes for intelligence and reliability. An excess of weight, and an excess of height, say over 6'3", usually reflects a corresponding deficit of both intelligence and reliability. Further research is being conducted to determine the causes of these relationships. On the basis of this study the Department of External Affairs has determined that the Sultan is the most trustworthy ally, and the editor of this rag the greatest threat, of Sevastopolitan Objectives.

JAMUL: On the other hand, it has been asserted by members of the Department of Anthropology at Jamul A & M that inclination to baldness, life in trailer parks, and a fondness for weird flags leads to hemorrhoids of the cerebellum. For further expansion on this whole matter we give you Professor Brent N. Kex-Ploo, who we understand is writing a paper on this very thing. (If he doesn't write it by next issue I'll write it for him, but I'd better give him his chance. That's your cue, Baghdad-baby, don't blow it - unless you at least offer me some first.)

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14 FEB 1966

# CHESS NOTES

by Phil Fuckler



WAS: WAS!  
AND WAS: WAS  
WAS!

YOU WERE EXPECTING  
MAYBE DAN BLOCKER?

